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majority remains forever the dominant public—when once it finds that a house-cleaning in life and art is needful.

Taking the works as numbered in the catalogue: Dwight W. Tryon's "Dawn Early Spring" is beautiful; Alexander H. Wyant's "An Adirondack Vista" is an exquisite bit; "Gloucester Harbor" by Winslow Homer is fine and unusual in its calm; the beautiful evening sky in Wm. A. Coffin's "The Valley Farm" is skillfully rendered; R. W. Van Boskerck's "River at Wakefield, Rhode Island" is very beautiful; E. L. Henry's "The Floating Bridge" is historically interesting; Childe Hassam can paint better than he did in his "The Allied Flags"; in spite of its "techniquery" W. Granville Smith's "Summer Breeze" is charming in scheme and color; J. Francis Murphy's "Silence" is less stereotyped than usual and poetic; William M. Chase's "Shinnecock Hills" is one of the finest landscapes he ever painted; George Elmer Brown's "The Blue Nets" is too "painty"; Joseph H. Boston's "Moonlight" is too blue to suggest moonlight; George Inness's "Coming Storm" is a real gem; "Mirror Lake," by Irving R. Wiles, is a clever bit; Horatio Walker marred his otherwise good "Girl Feeding Turkeys" by making his girl too fat; Geo. de Forest Brush's "Little Girl" is a beautiful color composition and was illustrated in *THE ART WORLD* in the April number; "Morning in the Fields, Gloucester" is a good cattle piece by Carleton Wiggins; "The Hills in Nevada, near Carson City" by Albert L. Groll is above his average; "Peaceful Moonlight Reigns," by Henry W. Ranger, is unusually skilful moonlight painting; J. H. Twachtman's "The Bridge in Spring" has more reality than most of his works; "Flying Shadows" by Willard L. Metcalf is beautiful in subject and most skilful in execution; "Sisters," by E. H. Blashfield, symbolizing the three great democracies—America, France and Russia—is inspiring; Clara T. MacChesney has a "Red Cross Nurse" writing home the last message of some soldier in France who "did his bit." It is full of pathos and a credit to her.

The exhibition is marred and disgraced by the hanging of an atrocious travesty of a female nude figure by Sargeant Kendall. This painting was shown in a former Academy exhibition, and at that time the general consensus of opinion was that it was unfit to be seen outside of the circle of an exhibition of modernistic sex degenerates. The effrontery of Mr. Kendall in foisting the work a second time on the New York public, and this time on Fifth Avenue, indicates that he is either insensible to the vulgarity of his picture or is deliberately following the lead of the charlatan modernistic perverts many of whom, having failed in normal and sane lines of art, resort to pornographic symbolism to gain a commercial notoriety—the art cult of the modernistic degenerates of Europe, and also here, being now the "city of refuge" of Academy failures, as witness the history of Matisse, Cézanne and others of that ilk. But perhaps Mr. Kendall perpetrated this atrocity unconsciously? If so, it is all the more tragic to be the unconscious victim of a subconscious trend—in the direction of æsthetic neurosis.

Mr. Kendall's painting is not merely nude—it is crassly naked. And in addition to being vulgar

it is stupid and suggestive in spirit and also banal in execution, the technical work being far below the academic standard, so much derided by modernists. Does this work represent the high water mark of the æsthetic culture and standards of the Yale College Art Department? Also does the Faculty and Alumni of Yale indorse this "Sphinx" as representing their taste in nude figure painting? We would be pleased to hear some expression of opinion on this subject.

GOOD STORIES NEVER DIE

A writer for the *Sun* told some amusing stories a while ago about crowned heads who do verses as a side line. Thus, of the late Shah of Persia, Nas'r-ed-Din and his poet laureate: "On the King-of-kings reading some of his verses to his poet laureate, the latter, on one occasion, with more honesty than diplomacy, denounced them as sheer foolishness and rank nonsense. For this he was ordered by his imperial master to the stables and severely flogged. A week later the Shah again asked his professional opinion. Before the monarch had been reading two minutes the laureate arose and hastened to the door.

"Where are you going?" cried the Shah. "To the stables for another flogging" exclaimed the poet laureate with such an air of hopeless misery that Nas'r-ed-Din, who had a keen sense of humor, burst into a fit of laughter, made him resume his place, inflicted no more verses upon him . . ." etc.

Touches of the same kind of humor as appears in this anecdote are found in old Italian comic tales and in the *Thousand and One Nights*; but it is the Sicilian historian Diodoros who was among the first to tell this particular yarn—showing how often the same situation produces the same result, or else proving that a good story is superior to such mortal drawbacks as time and space. For it is Dionysos the tyrant of Syracuse and a poet at his court of whom Diodoros tells the similar tale.

Philoxenos, a poet famous for his proficiency in the versified two-step called "dithyramb," was a guest and parasite at the tyrant's table. Perhaps he overdid the drinking bouts and pledging of healths, for one day, when Dionysos had one of his own poems read aloud at the banquet, the tyrant insisted that Philoxenos should give his opinion. Emboldened it may be through his potations of wines of choice, the master of dithyrambs told him what he thought of it. Now Dionysos, a slave to versifying, passed such time as he could reserve from exiling, murdering and crucifying the fat burghers of Syracuse whose property he craved—in the fever of composition. Though but an amateur, he took himself with the utmost seriousness for a poet of the first rank. As soon as he recovered from his surprise he gave his body-guards the signal and Philoxenos was seized and hustled to the Quarries, the famed prison where the tyrant's victims languished. His boon companions made haste to mollify the king's wrath and Philoxenos was soon pardoned and reinstated at the royal board. Presently Dionysos became animated by his good wines and began to recite some of his own verse, looking about for applause. Unfortunately Philoxenos was not among those who cried their admiration. Dionysos paused and fixed

his eyes upon him. Philoxenos saw the point. Scrambling to his feet, he beckoned to the tyrant's body-guard and cried:

"Take me, take me back to the Quarries!"

Thus we see that an interval of twenty-two centuries has not changed men's character, but—what is even more astonishing—exactly the same episode occurred in the nineteenth century after Christ as in the fourth before!

BELFRY OR CUPOLA ON THE CITY HALL?

'Tis hard to accommodate all demands, all tastes. When McComb designed the City Hall of New York he did not conceive of the tower over the center as a clock-tower or a belfry, although there were plenty of precedents. In fact he might have placed a dome there if he had not feared the expense from the ground up, and the other difficulties. All he did was to design a cupola. That originally was a "little dome" on the apex of a big dome, but became in time a word for a "lantern" or any circular or flat-sided elevation above a roof. When this cupola was to be rebuilt after the fire in 1858, a demand was made that the city hall, if it had no belfry proper, should at least have a clock-tower by whose dials the citizens hurrying to business might set their watches and coming from business might set the home clock—a very reasonable demand! But the McComb design was not fit for clock faces, so it was put aside and the cupola clock-tower that all New Yorkers know was duly installed—after whose design no one knows.

It is an age of restoration and the cry is: Back to the design of the worthy McComb!

How are we to go back if we expect to follow the original design? That is the problem set before Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury to whom has been entrusted the solution. Some sketches have been submitted to the committee by Mr. Atterbury in which the McComb design has been retained and clock-faces introduced; it remains to be seen whether any one of these suggestions will meet the requirements of the New York Art Commission, the body before which all such municipal matters have to go before final acceptance. One thing is certain: whatever is done—we must have a clock in the cupola.

THE RANGER SALE

The late Henry W. Ranger of New York left the bulk of his fortune to the National Academy of Design. Last spring the American Art Association held a sale of his paintings and showed them for a week prior to the sale. The exhibition was attended as probably never before when the attraction was the output of an American painter. The warm hues of late autumn as shown by many of the canvases and the studies of oaks in winter livery, the combinations of greens in cedar, pine and maple, in elm and chestnut, hickory and locust found great favor. His pictures of ships and shipyards at Noank and elsewhere on Long Island Sound seemed to meet approval. The

apparent admiration of a picture-viewing crowd, however, is rarely translated into overt acts of purchase when it comes to the sale.

In this case however the pessimist was wrong and the optimist had everything his own way. The sale of Ranger's paintings was not a success merely, but one without a parallel heretofore, in cases where the painter was an American. Probably we have never had a sale of the pictures of an American artist deceased when the average price brought by the canvases as a whole was more than five hundred dollars for each. The highest price of \$4,000 has been often surpassed for paintings by the living and those deceased, but there was never so large an aggregate sum for the sale of an entire atelier. Since this money goes to swell the quarter million left to the Academy by Ranger's will, the artists who are interested in that venerable organization are not a little elated. It is indeed a good sign when we find some sections of the public willing to believe that Americans can paint pictures which will stand the test of all changing fashions in art and remain as attractive in the future as in the past.

BALLADE OF THE LIBIDO

Would you be a poet, lad?
Modern, up to date?
One whom editors are glad
To remunerate?
(No Class B, my mate!)
Whether for free verse you go,
Or the other state—
Chant the Libido.

Would you write a novel, lad?
One that will be great?
Something that will sell like mad?
Not invertebrate
But a heavy-weight—
Low life upstairs, high below?
Then your story freight
With the Libido.

Would you be a critic, lad?
Do decrees of fate?
Sift the so-so from the bad?
Subtly indicate
What is quite third-rate?
Study up Freud, Jung & Co.
And pontificate
Of the Libido.

Envoy

Reader, sorry, sore and sad,
(Eke you will be so!)
When you cannot stand it, lad,
Damn the Libido!

J. L. H. in *Reedy's Mirror*